THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

Morning Inspection

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

Telling the World

BOBBY THATCHER— Transportation Provided...!

By GEORGE STORM

S'MATTER POP— Pop Always Gets Ambrose Into Trouble

By C. M. PAYNE

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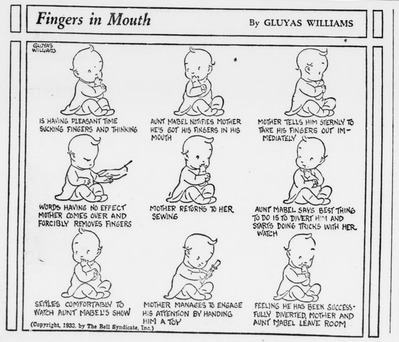
"REG'LAR FELLERS"

Talking Down

Fingers in Mouth

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER

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DESIGN HAS ALL THE BEST POINTS OF HOUSE DRES

PATTERN 9083

Believe it or not, there's a four point plan of convenience and da tory included in this neatly style house dress. Let's add them up First: the bodice may be worn wit the contrasting revers, as shown i the larger sketch, or it may butto all the way up to a smart polo Second: the sleeves boast little t verted pleats, jaunty to look at an very comfortable when working Third: the slenderizing line sweep ing down the middle front of th frock ends in another inverted plea to give the slim skirt adequate fu ness. And finally, the patch pocket with their important buttons ar both useful and chic!

Pattern 9083 may be ordered onl in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 4 Size 36 requires 4 yards 36 inch fa ric and ¾ yard contrasting.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coi or stamps (coins preferred) for th pattern. Be sure to write plain your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYL NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew char included.

Send your order to Sewing Circ Pattern Department, 232 West Eigh eenth Street, New York, N. Y.

SMILES

OH! OH!

Mother (from upstairs)—Pleas Tommy, turn off the radio. Tha lady announcer with the raspi voice ought to be kept off the air!

Tommy—But, Mother, it's Mr Jones to see you.

Pocket and Check

"You have a wonderful librar here and full of fine books. You family must enjoy it in here," re married visitor.

"No," sighed the rich man, "th only kind of books that interest me are the kind I carry in my pocket."

Hard Boiled?

Bingo—In Russia children ar brought up by the state.

Stingo—Well, it would take an ac of congress to do anything with min

Daring Young Man

Aviator—Do you wanna fly?

Gushing Young Thing—Oh, I'd lo it!

Aviator—I'll catch you one.

WNU—4 6—

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY

Appetite gone?

✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale
✓ tired

then don't gamble with your body

A simple thing, perhaps...yet a very serious one, resulting in loss of strength . . . body weakness . . . and possibly many other ills. So why not check-up and snap back to the zest of eating and well being.

You will find S.S.S., a great, scientifically-tested tonic—not just a so-called tonic, but one specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on."

Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food and good digestion ... sound sleep ... and increased strength. So many say, "S.S.S. Co. you feel like yourself again." © S.S.S. Co.

You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be given you when you request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

Pimples on Face Never Could Shave

Healed by Cuticura

"Three years ago my face and arms broke out with a skin eruption that was followed by large, red pimples. They festered and went all over my face and arms. They itched and burned and I could never shave. I lost much rest at night with them.

"Nothing I tried helped very much. Then I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased them. I used about four cakes of Cuticura Soap and one and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment and now I feel like a new man. I am completely healed." (Signed) Harry R. Hall, 2958 14th Ave., Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 26, 1934.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold Everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

FEEL TIRED, ACHY—"ALL WORN OUT?"

Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill

Is a constant backache keeping you miserable? Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, swollen feet and ankles? Do you feel tired, nervous —all unstrung?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly. For functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* are for the kidneys only. They help the kidneys cleanse the blood of health-destroying poisonous waste. *Doan's Pills* are used and recommended the world over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

NIP THAT COLD

CLEANSE INTERNALLY

Doctors advise: "The moment a cold sets in, eat sparingly, CLEANSE INTERNALLY. A cup of Garfield tea will relax the system, help break the cold's hold, incidentally clears out the system, increases your resistance—At drug stores, 25c.

GARFIELD TEA

Often When I Was Dragging My Weary Way to Bed, I Would Hear Him as I Passed His Suite, Dictating a Speech.

11-20

The Perils of Politics

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

My service as a member of a campaign squad have been discontinued permanently. One ought to have something in his past to look back upon with gratitude because it is not likely to occur again. Life, after all, is enjoyable, but as far as we can be sure, only while one is living it. I survived once, but should a second opportunity come to me to travel about on the trail of a candidate, I should politely but firmly leave it unsnapped.

In earlier days a man who had been nominated to the high office to which he aspired was carried from town to town in a comfortable rail road train, escorted to his hotel at the head of a parade and later to the hall in which he was to speak. Seated in a comfortable horse-drawn carriage he bowed to left and right and waved his hand at the cheering multitudes ranged along the street to do him honor. He made a speech at noon and a speech at night. Then retired to his hotel, ate a comfortable dinner, and spent an hour or two discussing the situation with his local supporters, after which he went to bed and to sleep.

That pleasant and enjoyable routine disappeared with the coming of the automobile, and with the assistance, by party leaders, of whirlwind campaigns. I have seen whirlwinds in the West and have been awed by them, and wished I was elsewhere. But many days during my service as the supporter of a candidate, I have regarded the days when sections of barns and rural bridges and unhappy cows and calves were spinning through the air as days to which I would gladly return. For pep has been put into politics.

Our candidate did not put it there, perhaps, but he made no effort to remove it. He is one of those people who likes to shake hands, and who had learned how to get in the first grip, so that his fingers will not be wrung from him by his devoted admirers. He has learned to write six or seven speeches while he is driving through the countryside at sixty or seventy miles an hour, and to make the one that seems best suited to the occasion when his local advisors call the parade to a halt. And, after a day that would leave a Bengal tiger limp and panting, he thinks nothing of sitting up till two or three in the morning talking with his retinue about what he ought to do tomorrow.

But it wasn't so much that that troubled me. It was the dash from town to town or from countryside to countryside in which we who followed his car in a huge reeling motor bus had to participate. On some days he was scheduled for six afternoon speeches in towns fifty or more miles apart. After breakfast we, of his following, would clamber into the vast bus, take our seats, get a firm hold on a strap, set our teeth, and dash forth.

Ahead of us was the candidate, listening to advisors who were giving him tips as to what to talk about to the next audience, and paying scant attention to them. Ahead of him were other retainers, talking over suggestions and plans to lay before him, and ahead of them were either two uniformed motorcycle policemen or a flivver containing state policemen.

In ten minutes after the start we were making fifty miles an hour. The sirens on the police cars or cycles shrieked like fire trucks racing through a city, the limousines rocked and swayed, and the motor bus leaped from depression to depression on the road like a giant jack rabbit. Rural motorists, truck drivers, farmers, appalled at the din, drew up beside the road and gazed at us with pale faces as we sped by them. Children raced beside the way shrieking madly. Men and women darted from farm houses and gaped over the fences at us. But on we rushed, unheeding.

Presently there was a signal from the sirens ahead, the brakes ground all along the array of cars, and we came to a stop in front of a school house or a town hall. Out hopped the candidate, into the building he rushed, made a five-minute speech, paused to shake out-stretched hands, then we all went into our equipages and forth we embarked over the hard high road. Og one occasion we found the audience consisted of children who would have to wait for another ten years before they attained voting age. The candidate was a little taken aback, but he made a short speech, asked them to tell their parents about it, and away we raced again. We learned afterward that by some mistake we had got into the wrong hall, but there was no time to fuss about that.

Soon we began to glimpse church spires and the tops of skyscrapers over the trees and low hills, and knew that a city was near. I sat back with a sigh of gratitude. Here at least the pace must slow. Not even a political caravan could make its way through city streets at sixty miles an hour. I lit a cigar and prepared to take a few minutes of ease.

They were never taken. Outside the city we slowed down, but only to exchange our rural guard for a covey of city mounted policemen, and these gentlemen had motor cycles, not horses. Before I could catch a fresh breath, they set their sirens going continuously, and in their wake we rocked and roared along, around corners, over streets under repair and down narrow lanes, never once slackening our gait. If we came closer to a truck or a street car than the drivers had reckoned on, we merely shifted over a few feet while two wheels lifted up on the sidewalk, scattering startled pedestrains left and right, and proceeded on our way.

How we ever got through, and how a hundred people or so ever had the agility to escape us, is something that will forever remain a secret to me. But we did it, and presently were flowing forth from the bus and swarming into a hotel.

But not to rest. Three minutes after our arrival the candidate was making a speech and shaking hands. Five minutes later he was telling us what would be his plans for the afternoon. In another one minute we were forth and to the harvest field again.

Night brought no respite. There were two, and sometimes three speeches, frantic battles to get into the halls and out again, and often dashes through the night to some suburban hall which the local boys had forgotten for the nonce, but insisted must be visited. And through all and each of those long days, the candidate never turned a hair, never faltered in a speech for an instant, never failed to say something pleasant about the town and the people in it, and never showed a sign of fatigue.

Often when I was dragging my weary way to bed in a hotel after a terrific day, I would hear him as I passed his suite dictating a speech or discussing something with the native political yeomanry. And at seven o'clock in the morning he was out and ready again, his geniality unimpaired and his zest for battle keener than ever.

On the last night that I accompanied the procession we returned to town in a sleeping car which we boarded at midnight. As I passed his stateroom I heard him dictating. "And, as I have said so many times before, there are issues in this campaign which—" Then I went to my berth and tried to get a little sleep. In the morning I found him packing away a solid breakfast. "Aren't you nearly all in?" I said.

"All in?" he asked. "I—I no. By the way, if you see my secretary, ask him to come in here. I've just thought of something I ought to say to the meeting I'm going to speak to when we get into town."

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv

Anxiety

Which of you, by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? Here is the argument. Sit down and fret for a year, and see how much bigger you are. You may well, perhaps, be something smaller, certainly shriveled in soul, if not in body, but you will be bigger.—M. G. Pearse.

Lord of Happiness

He who regrets not yesterday, he is the lord of happiness, he is the king of sorrow.

WHEN YOU TAKE A LAXATIVE

. . . use a spoon

It isn't what brand of laxative you take that's so important—it's the *form*. A liquid laxative can be taken in any required amount. If only a little is needed, you need never take a bit too much.

Doctors favor the easily measured *liquid* laxatives. Instead of any form that does not encourage variation from the fixed dose. A fixed dose may be an overdose for you—or your child.

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Give the bowels only as much help as may be needed, and less help as the need grows less. You will find Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin an excellent aid in regulating the bowels. It contains senna and cascara (natural laxatives) and it will clear-up any bilious, sluggish condition without upset. Delightful taste, and pleasant action. Your druggist has it.

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